# Servants Few, Wages High

## That Is the Condition Housekeepers Returning From the Country Find in New York.

If you note the suburbanite these days, you will frequently see a bit of pink string wound around one of his fingers. This always signifies that his wife is in revolt against aspersions cast upon her skill as a housewife and that she has said with that calm known to all Benedicks:

"Very well; you get the cook this time."

"I'll just drop in during luncheon hour," he says nonchalantly when this challenge is thrown at him, "and get one then. I'll bring her out with me."

Such an optimist might have seen a facsimile of himself in one of the uptown employment agencies any hour of any recent morning that he took the trouble to look.

FOURTH AVENUE ANTIQUES.

Facsimile brushes in past the doorkeeper who tries vainly to stop his mad rush with the announcement that he might just as well take his time as there's plenty ahead of him, launches himself into the room and hurls the surprising statement that he wants a cook before he is aware of the situation he has rashly faced.

Seated there are hundreds of women of all ages and sizes, who have apparently one and only one aim in common, to stay and see the struggle carried to a finish. Eyes varying in intensity, expression and color are turned on him and at the reply of the manager that he must take his turn he sinks into the nearest seat, twirling his hat in his hand and doing his best to recall the reason why he did not take the stock offered him in a company which designed to furnish nutriment to humanity on the tabloid system.

His advent, after his initial burst, makes little impression. He simply waits. Luncheon hour passes, the time appointed to see a man. Still he sits on.

Once in a while a man comes in, and before his turn arrives he has learned to distinguish the amateur like himself, swelling with hope and enthusiasm, from the experienced veteran who slinks in, casts pleading glances at might be cooks, at callous chambermaids and does little sums on a slip of paper to see how much money he can go without in order to offer more of a bonus.

As a last resort he tries Christian Science, and after repeating to himself a hundred times that there is no such thing as sin and suffering in the world and that there are cooks to be hired a finger beckons him and a businesslike voice gives him an opportunity to be heard.

He gathers himself for one tremendous show of masculine grit. His fighting ire is aroused. Why should he, with the blood of the MacGregors and a Stewart on the distaff side, submit to early defeat?

"I want a cook," he begins airily, and in spite of himself he feels a thrill of pride to note that his voice is cheerful as ever. "Just a plain cook; we're rather plain people, and——"

The frozen eye confronting him chills him.

"And it's as good a place as a girl could possibly have, a regular home——"

Again the frozen eye, and in the faces about him, which blend into a pale tinted frieze along the wall to his excited fancy, he sees pity, admiration and awe at his temerity.

"You expect her to do laundry work, I presume?"

What did his wife say about the washing? He tries to think. Then, by a tremendous effort, he recalls some pale blue muffins, which were excused on the ground that the last cook had spilled some washing material into the batter, and continues:

"Oh, yes, just the usual small wash that a family has. None of my collars and shirts, the little frills and things that—oh, any woman can do in odd minutes."

The frieze rustles like paper breaking away from a wall and he clears his throat of an unaccustomed lump.

"What are you willing to pay?"

"Good, generous sum. We have paid eighteen, but if the cook was an experienced one and willing to go out with me now I'd say twenty."

There is a dead pause. He fills it in, feverishly.

"You see this is rather an unusual experience for me. We've had one cook for fifteen years; had all sorts of offers of marriage; refused them because she loved us so; wouldn't have gone as it was, but a relative in Ireland died and left her a big estate."

He doesn't dare to look at the frieze, but he knows if a man was ever justified in lying he is.

The glacial tone of the manager breaks in upon his reverie:

"We haven't any cook here that would do laundry work for less than twenty-five."

"Raise you to twenty-five." He is surprised at his pulse. Hopes he isn't going to have typhoid.

Then the manager catches sight of the pink string.

"From the country, of course. That makes it more difficult."

"Oh, not really the country, just out a bit. Give you my word, you've hardly stepped into the train before you're there."

"Drive from the station, perhaps?"

"Oh, we do, because we like it; but you could walk."

He hasn't even a twinge of conscience as he recollects the various times he has told his city friends that the only way to enjoy life is to get as far from New York as possible, so far that you are really in the country, and how he has expatiated about that five mile drive.

The manager speaks again:

"Well, I'm afraid that you will find it rather difficult. You see girls don't care for the country except in the summer. Is there any girl here that would be willing to go to Plainhurst, short drive from the station, and do laundry work and cook for $25 a month?"

The silence is so intense that the ghost of a "Yes" would have penetrated it. While he gazes despairingly about at the scores of well gowned women whom he can't, for the life of him, classify as cooks and housewives, the voice of another clerk in an adjoining room is heard.

"Here's a chance for a cook to go to Whitestone. The offer is $30, no laundry, two in family and the man away all the week."

Faces in the frieze are animated, while voices here and there exclaim:

"Naw."

"Nope."

"Not for $40 and none in the family."

"Worse than Hackensack, and I couldn't stand for that."

The man from Plainhurst and the woman from Whitestone go out together. She is the remnants of what was once apparently a handsome young person and he feels strangely old and tired.

"Are they all as bad as this?" he gasps.

"Oh, this is the best I've been to and I've visited at least fifty this week. I'm going now to a place where they have superannuated old women. A friend of mine got one there who could make toast and didn't want but $18 a month, her breakfasts in bed, every evening out and two afternoons."

They shake hands sympathetically and the man drops into a shop to buy a peace offering for his wife. He remembers the fuss he made about the blue muffins and is ashamed of himself.

The incident related is one out of many. Following it the visitor at the agency notes a young woman of comely appearance who looks as if she might be walking delegate for a Don't Worry Club. She saunters toward the desk.

ENGAGING A LADY.

The manager recites a list of possible homes for her approval, all in the fashionable parts of the city. She shakes a negation to each. Occasionally she vouchsafes some specific reason but apparently does not usually consider that necessary, expending her extra vitality in arranging the various details of her smart gown and hat.

"You certainly can't find any fault with this," says the manager at length, in an exasperated tone. "A young couple, apartment on West End avenue, no washing and $30 a month."

The girl hesitates a moment, shifting the blue bow under her chin to the right to match the feather on her hat, a combination which she approves in a mirror.

"I'll look it up; I don't suppose any one ever gets just what they want, but if they don't suit me I expect you to have another good place right away, for I'm payin' me board an' I prefer to spend me money in other ways."

The costumes in this agency, a type of many, are worth a reference. There are smart gowns of the latest mode, silk coats covering light summer dresses, jaunty hats perched on elaborate coiffures, some severely tailor made suits, necklaces, brooches, belt buckles, all in the latest style, and skirts swept aside displaying smart shoes.

They are worn by all alike, maid to be and mistress to be. In a majority of cases one does not detect which is which, until the glance rising from shoe tip to face encounters the triumphant, haughty bearing which bespeaks the future queen of the kitchen and the appealing, humble, distractedly anxious expression of the housekeeper imploring help.

In one corner sit a couple of young women, one in a light summer silk with a foolish hat perched aloft. The other is gowned in a dress which has every mark of a Fifth avenue tailor. They are chatting and laughing together, apparently trying to make each other feel at ease. In moments when they are off guard they look like two cats ready to spring, an attitude, it may be noted, by no means rare in employment agencies.

Whether the Tailor Suit is trying to engage a lady's maid or the Silk Dress an efficient servant it is impossible for the inexperienced eye to tell. The help of the manager is sought, and she explains.

"The young woman in the silk gown is a chorus girl, married rich, and the young woman she is trying to engage is holding out for $40 and is going to get it. Newly rich women always become friendly with a maid before they engage her. This manner is just as harmful as the other one practised by the old fashioned woman, who never looks on her help as human beings, only part of the necessary equipment of the home.

"The woman of the world who has been wrestling with the problem of servants a few years as evolved a manner between the two, which preserves her self-respect, keeps the girl in her place and at the same time does not offend the vanity of a class which takes every possible advantage of the fact that the demand for its services far exceeds the supply."

And at this time of year, when people are returning from the country, the demand for servants is very great.

"We cannot begin to furnish the help needed," say managers of employment agencies. "Hundreds of girls are leaving the country after their summers there, but on the other hand hundreds of families are coming back to town and are looking for servants.

"The wages of servants to-day are almost prohibitive, at least to the young man who is contemplating matrimony. Twenty dollars is the lowest wages of a cook, and from there wages rise to $35 and $40. A waitress demands from $18 to $25, an upstairs girl the same, a man and his wife from $60 to $80, and even a useful man, who expects to get his training for footman or butler, has the temerity to demand $30.

"Butlers you can get for $50 or $60, if they are not of English birth. They are the highest priced servants in the market and are really the best trained."

At a question regarding general housework the managers one and all raise eyes and hands to Heaven.

"The well trained servant now absolutely refuses to do general housework—that is to her a last port of refuge," they say. "Many agencies do not attempt to reach this need, saying frankly that they do not know where to get the girls.

"A girl much prefers to do one thing and prides herself on her ignorance of other branches. Even the old fashioned formula of cook and laundress is in danger of being destroyed.

"Wages will remain at their present figures until some change of conditions comes about and that may be caused by the repeal of the Chinese Exclusion act, which would give housekeepers good help at minimum prices.

"Although thousands of immigrants come in every week it does not seem to affect the situation, for the women are railroaded through to the West. Ireland is sending fewer of her young women and the Scandinavian races prefer to settle in the West and Northwest.

"The better education of the domestic servants is partly responsible for their present demeanor, joined to the knowledge of their worth. With this education comes the demand for material evidences of success.

"The maid no longer wears her mistress's old clothes, but vies with her in fashion. Many servants, especially among the colored people, have clubrooms where they meet evenings and receive their company and such a subject as housework is never mentioned. The old style family servant who stays through sickness, sorrow and vicissitudes of fortune is practically unknown.

"The apartment hotel and light housekeeping with restaurant dinners answer the need temporarily, but the answer is inadequate, especially where there are children. The housekeepers of the country are facing a grievous situation."

The agency managers with a few dissenting voices blame the attitude of the employee rather than the employer, who they say puts up with incompetence and incivility, and giving generously receives the minimum in return.

"Really," said one of the most experienced of the managers, "the kitchen queen has no idea so far as we can see but to overdress, amuse herself and leave her place when any friction occurs."

Nowhere is this difference between supply and demand shown better than in the work of the Society for Placing Mothers With Children. The object of this society is to find homes for mothers deserted, widowed or with illegitimate children and a few years ago it found few families willing to take its charges. The situations secured were mostly with farmer folk who paid $5 or $6 a month. Sometimes a very experienced woman received $10, while on the other hand others were willing to work for almost any wages, especially if they had delicate children.

In the last year the office, situated in the Charities Building, has received many applications from suburban residents for such mothers, often welcoming the child as a possible anchor to secure the mother for a long term of employment. The wages have jumped from the figures quoted to $18 and $20 a month and one housekeeper recently sent out with a small child gets $35.

"WILL YOU GO TO THE COUNTRY?"

HUSBAND'S TURN.

A PLACE FOR THE BABY.

# THE EMERGENCY WOMAN.

## *EARNS HER LIVING BY DOING A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.*

**At the Call of the Busy Housekeeper to Fill in All Sorts of Gaps—Does Shopping, Acts as a Companion, Makes Preserves and Sometimes Turns Lady's Maid.**

The untalented woman when she faces the problem of bread winning is perhaps the most deserving of sympathy of any of her sex. One who found a field calls herself "emergency woman" and gives it as her experience that there is plenty of opportunity for other women to follow in her footsteps. She admits, however, that the preliminary years of drumming up custom were not so easy that one cares to dwell upon them.

The emergency woman fills in any gap in the domestic fabric at a moment's notice. While she has no one great talent she has a smattering of many, and it is by making a patchwork of them, which has been carefully fitted to the pattern of life, that she has been able to manufacture a cover for the very coldest weather.

Her telephone bell is constantly ringing and the belt of inquiries extends from Harlem downtown to the area of business and professional offices, where women find it necessary to depend on another to help them out.

She is called upon to do all sorts and kinds of work and has discovered that every sort and kind of information that she has ever gained can be put to practical use. The trouble with the woman who is obliged to become a wage earner is that she is discouraged at the outset because she cannot do one thing so well that she is in instant demand.

The emergency woman when THE SUN reporter saw her was putting up fruit cake and plum puddings for a long list of customers.

"I used to do this in my married days as a joke; now I find that I can turn a pretty penny by it. Of course I could not depend on this for my support, but it is a fraction, and it doesn't take so many fractions to make a unit, if they are only important enough to begin with.

"Housewives know the value of the cake and pudding that are prepared in the fall for the Christmas table. There is as much difference as there is in the vintage of a wine that is recently bottled and one that has the bouquet of age."

During the summer while her customers were out of the city the emergency woman took advantage of the cool days to put up a large stock of preserves, brandied peaches, marmalades and jams. Some of these she makes every year to fill up the shelves of her housekeeping patrons, a great many fill new orders from bachelor women and young couples who do light housekeeping, and she even has a few bachelors who have breakfast in their rooms and like to have a shelf of sweet things.

While you might think that trade would lag in the hot weather, the contrary has been the case, and she has been kept hard at work. Her mail is a large one, consisting of requests from out of town folk to send some forgotten article left in the flurry of departure, to do some shopping, to purchase bridge whist prizes or to take advantage of some bargain noted in the Sunday papers.

"Just to give you an example," she says between hurried steps from pantry to visitor, "one of my ladies telegraphed me to get her some arrack punch for a 5 o'clock tea she was going to have, and the very same mail I get a hurry call to meet a pet dog and have it taken to a veterinary."

She is called upon often to open and air apartments before the homecoming, to find maids and have them ready—the most herculean labor of all—and in lieu of that to do such work in the apartment as may render it habitable.

In her spare moments the emergency woman has perfected herself in the triple need of modern days, manicuring, facial massage and shampooing. She does not care to make her money in this way if better opportunities offer, but she can fill in unemployed hours.

In the neighborhood of private schools she can often be seen, a tram little figure, leading one or two children to their daily tasks, and when school is over she returns to escort them home. Many women are unable to spare a servant or to go themselves, while the child cannot be trusted to go alone.

Her care of children extends to a wider field. She takes them to the dentist, to the matinées, to any and all kinds of amusements. Often at children's parties she attends, to help out in amusing them, and on her child list are the names of two little ones whom she takes once every week to visit their grandparents, from whom the parents are estranged.

From some of the fashionable schools outside the limits of town she meets a group of girls every fortnight and takes them to luncheon and then to the matinée or concert. She does not leave them until the train pulls out of the station.

Another of her interesting duties is the entertainment of guests who want to shop or to go to places of interest of which their hosts are tired. By filling in a day of this kind she relieves the situation and brings the guests back at night tired and happy, to find the woman of the house delighted to welcome them, having had her own day free.

Among these customers is a wealthy bachelor whose mother makes him an annual visit and with whom she takes delightful trips of all kinds; this engagement is a from year to year one, and the week of that visit all her other duties have to be rearranged. Once when she was ill the visit was postponed until her recovery.

Convalescent nursing is another of her offerings. She can give no regular trained service, but for the patient who can take short walks, wants to be read to or roused from moods of languor and depression she makes a capital substitute for the professional.

The private detective work she has been called upon to do now and then for a well known law firm, she admits, is the most exciting. She may go to a smart hotel and stay, take hurried trips out of town, or whatever may be required.

In speaking of her experiences of this kind the emergency woman displays a sense of humor which may be one of the elements of her success.

"In one of my cases a man and wife had been divorced, the court had given the child to the father and the mother had promptly kidnapped her; she had married again and lived in a beautiful house on Riverside Drive. The father was anxious to have his little girl, but hesitated to kidnap in turn or resort again to legal measures, for the girl was fourteen and he thought he would rather win her regard than attempt to coerce her.

"I watched my chance and one morning met the little girl on her way to school, for the time unguarded. I spoke to her and told her of meeting her father and how anxious he was to see her. She agreed to meet him and promised to keep that meeting secret. I telegraphed the father, who came 'way from the South. He talked with her and they came to an understanding that she was to visit him for three months, and if at the end of that time she wanted to return she could do so.

"Six weeks afterward I happened to be in the neighborhood and there was Frances—the little girl—walking nonchalantly to school. I spoke to her again and she acted very embarrassed, admitted that she had been with her father, but said I had better write to him.

"As to the money part of the transaction, that had been settled long ago, but I was curious, so I did write, and he answered my letter, saying that it had been a great mistake trying to change existing conditions, for when he came to live with Frances he found her so much like her mother that he couldn't stand her at all and had to send her back.

"I have been asked what I don't do in my capacity as emergency woman, and frankly I don't believe I could tell. It is a profession that grows by use. Sometimes when I am called upon to shampoo a lady's hair we get talking, and before I have finished I have discovered some household or social need which I can fill and the hour's work may extend to a whole day or even longer. Naturally I take these opportunities to advertise myself, as that is the best, in fact the only way to get known.

"My scale of wages, of course, fluctuates with circumstances. Sometimes I am paid by piece work, whatever that may be; again, with a great many of my customers I receive a monthly sum for all services rendered. I keep an account of what I have done during the stated period, and the items of time and services have their separate values; so far no one has ever disputed them.

"Work of this kind is very pleasing from its novelty. No two days are alike; one of them I may be automobiling through Westchester county with a charming old lady, the next attending a matinée with a group of schoolgirls, another reading to an invalid, and another putting the last touches to a woman sitting for her photograph who depends upon my taste rather than the poses of the professional."

What the emergency woman does not say, but what probably accounts in great measure for her success, is her personality. She has a serene, well poised manner which would not be readily ruffled; she has a wide experience of the world and is a good talker; her dress is pleasing without obtrusiveness, and, in a word, she could fill any place without a misfit. Above all, she has the naturally cheerful manner which is almost indispensable to any one who gains a livelihood by catering to the fancies of human kind.

## *WEISS BEER LITTLE DRUNK.*

**It Has Joined Arrack, Canary Wine, Malmsey, Sack and Small Beer.**

Weiss beer, once a popular drink in New York, especially among the Platt-deutsch population, has almost entirely disappeared. Here and there in a German neighborhood may be found a saloon which keeps weiss beer on sale, but those who call for it are less numerous each year.

Weiss beer is a thin beer, produced by rapid fermentation. Lager beer is produced by slow fermentation. Both are flavored with hops, but while the saccharine properties of lager beer are developed through the process of manufacture, weiss beer is astringent and it has long been a theory that it is non-intoxicating except when taken in very large quantities.

Weiss beer has been known to have a sobering effect, and for that reason has been called Montag beer, or Monday beer, being a favorite beverage with those Germans who devoted a Sunday to merry-making. Among Americans weiss beer, thin, bitter, acrid, pale, non-stimulating and watery, has had very little popularity at any time. Unlike lager beer, it never became naturalized in the United States.

# FOUGHT BY HUSBAND'S SIDE.

## *CIVIL WAR ROMANCE OF AN OHIO WOMAN.*

**Bride Who Refused to Be Separated From Her Husband Joined a Cavalry Troop and Was in a Number of Hard Engagements in Her Three Years Service.**

Mrs. Martha Lindley of Northfield, Ohio, a little town near Akron, served through the civil war as a member of an Ohio cavalry troop with her husband, and the hundreds of comrades with whom she was daily thrown into contact never knew, says the Cleveland *Leader*, that the blue eyed, fair haired chap whom everybody liked so well was not a handsome boy, but a brave and determined woman who loved her husband so well that she refused to be separated from him.

When the war broke out Mrs. Lindley was a bride of a few months and lived with her husband in their newly furnished home in the northern end of Summit county. Lincoln's first call for troops caused her husband to enlist, and she watched him march away with a sad heart.

A few weeks later she disappeared from home and friends, and was seen by them no more until the end of the war. Putting on a suit of her husband's clothes, she went to an adjoining county, where a recruiting officer was at work, and enlisted, stipulating that she should be assigned to the cavalry troop to which her husband belonged. This was agreed to and young Trooper Smith, fitted out with uniform and arms, was sent to Virginia, where the troop was located.

She swore her husband to secrecy and throughout the long struggle they appeared to their comrades as chums, the husband shielding his youthful looking comrade whenever possible. A born horsewoman, Miss Lindley soon became one of the most dashing members of the troop, and engaged in many a daredevil escapade with her comrades. She was a good soldier, too, and never shirked any of the unpleasant duties of the men at the front. She took part in a number of the heaviest engagements during the three years service and escaped without a scratch or a moment's sickness.

"I was frightened half to death," said Mrs. Lindley, in recounting her experiences, "but I was so anxious to be with my husband that I resolved to see the thing through if it killed me. I had little hope that I would be able to carry out my masquerading during the war, although at that time we imagined we would whip the rebs in a few days. However, I determined to go, and if I was discovered I knew I could get a place as a nurse, and I would have been willing to have been a camp cook in order to be near my husband. I was sent to Cincinnati in company with a number of enlisted men, and from there we crossed to the Kentucky side of the river and went on into Virginia, where my husband's cavalry troop was stationed. You see, I had stipulated when I enlisted that I should be assigned to my husband's troop, and I was promised that I would be.

"When we reached camp I began to look out for my husband, but it was not until the second day after my arrival that I had an opportunity of communicating with him, as he was away from camp foraging when I arrived. When he came into camp he was speedily apprised of my presence, although he had no idea who I was. The soldiers, most of them strapping, big fellows, were disposed to make fun of me because I was small and slender, and looked like a boy who would have been better off attached to his mother's apron string. It was considered a great joke among them that I had been taken as a soldier, and one who would be compelled to ride a horse and take care of it, too. So it wasn't long after my husband and his comrades returned to camp until they looked me up to have a little fun with the green soldier, although they were almost as green as I, having been in the service but a few weeks.

"When they found me, I was half sick, the hard work of the past few days having been a little more than I was accustomed to, and I felt more like falling into my husband's arms and having a good cry than acting like a real soldier. But I plucked up my courage, and met them with as much of a soldierly bearing as I could. My husband recognized me instantly, and as soon as he could get an opportunity to have a few words with me in private, scolded me for coming, and tried to make me leave the service. But I wouldn't, and during the long struggle between the North and South I did the best I could in the service of my country. Although I am only a woman, I think I can say without egotism that there were worse soldiers than I in the service.

"I took part with my troop in a great many battles, and narrowly escaped capture several times. My horse was shot from under me once, and that was the only time I was really afraid during the entire war.

"I received an honorable discharge after the war was over, and came home with my husband and settled down to the cares of a domestic life. I guess I am the only woman in this part of the country that ever served through the entire war as a soldier, but in spite of that fact few people except my immediate relatives know of my experiences."

Although discharged honorably, Mrs. Lindley never was able to receive a pension for her service, as she had enlisted under a fictitious name. Her husband died a few years ago, and since that time she has been drawing a widow's pension of $5 a month.

Mrs. Lindley is 68 years of age, and despite the fact that she has lived a most simple life since she returned from the war, the hardships endured during that struggle have begun to tell on her, and she appears to be older. Even at this late day the fact that she served throughout the war is known to but few of her friends and acquaintances. She is always willing to tell of her experiences when questioned about them, but never volunteers any information.

Mrs. Lindley is perhaps the only woman in this State who has ever had the satisfaction of voting for a Presidential candidate, as she cast her first and last vote for Lincoln while in the service.

## *CREEKS AND TEN LOST TRIBES.*

**Indians' Story of Their Wandering Away From Palestine.**

*Chickasha correspondence Kansas City Star.*

"The Indians are the most superstitious people on earth," said a man a few days ago who had taught for years in a Creek Indian school. "They have myths and legends by the score. Some of them are as beautiful and picturesque as the legends of the old Greeks and Romans.

"I boarded for five years with a Creek Indian who had been educated at Carlisle. He knew the Indian legends and used to tell them to me and his children as we sat around the fireplace of an evening. You know the Creeks have a legend that they are one of the lost ten tribes of Israel. This Indian was the son of a medicine man who was once great and powerful in the tribe. All his knowledge of Indian lore came from his father, the medicine man.

"This medicine man said that the Creeks were one of the lost ten tribes of Israel. The legend ran that they were once associated with the other tribes and that they had wandered and become separated. They wandered for years far to the north until they came to a sea. There they built boats and embarked. They steered their course by the wand of a medicine man. Each morning he went to his teepee and set up his divining rod and told them which direction to pursue. They followed this rod from a warm country to a cold sea on which they set sail. The sea was crossed and then they traveled toward the south again.

"The Creeks have a covenant of their tribe which is kept with the chiefs. No one but the elect is ever permitted to see this guarantee of the genuineness of the Creek faith and origin."

**Women at St. Angela's College.**

The College of St. Angela at New Rochelle reports that in addition to the old pupils an unusually large number of new students have been registered. All the courses are in operation, including three lectures weekly on philosophy and one on church history, by the Rev. Father Halpin.

A feature this year will be the admission to any of the courses, on application, of young women who are desirous of pursuing one or more of the branches yet have not the leisure to work for a degree.